The Liberalist

Volume XXXI DECEMBER, 1954 Number 9

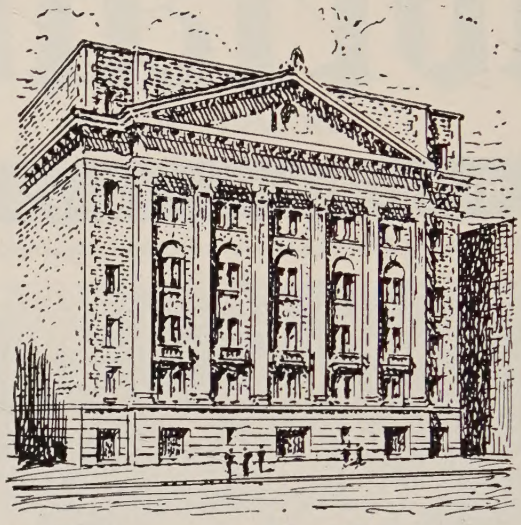
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

—Alfred Tennyson
From "In Memoriam"



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

LAST year Mr. R. J. Dutton of "Rosehill," St. James Lane, Winchester, England, sent to a mutual friend, Mr. Frank Brownell, in Chicago, an Izaak Walton League Cup of ancient pewter, to be presented to the Izaak Walton League of America. Izaak Walton is buried in Winchester Cathedral, and I never go to England without visiting Winchester and standing at his grave; but this year there was a special significance in my visit.

At an Izaak Walton meeting here last winter, the British Vice-Consul presented me with the cup to be placed in the archives of the Izaak Walton League of America. They chose me because I had named the Izaak Walton League on the 22nd of January, 1922, and because of my interest in Izaak Walton. I have collected first editions of *The Compleat Angler* for many years.

The story of the cup presentation was sent back to Mr. Dutton in England by Mr. Frank Brownell, of Chicago. It occurred to Mr. Dutton that there should be a base for the cup, so in some of the restoration work of Winchester Cathedral, there was carved from a part of an ancient oak beam a base for our cup, with the inscription, "This base was presented by Cllr. R. J. Dutton, Mayor of Winchester to the Izaak Walton League of America, 1954." The League thought, inasmuch as I was to be in Winchester, that I should visit Mr. Dutton and the officials of the City of Winchester and express to them in person our appreciation.

This visit was arranged for an afternoon at 4:00 o'clock, at what we would call the City Hall. On my arrival there I found that I was being extended an official welcome to the City of Winchester. The present Mayor is Councillor Mrs. H. M. Charles; the mayoress is her daughter, Miss Dilys Charles, the Deputy Mayor is now Councillor R. J. Dutton, who was instrumental in sending the cup and the base to the United States. We were met in the Mayor's office, presented to her husband, Mr. H. M. Charles, and Dorothy, Countess of Malmsebury, C.B.E. and President of the Hampshire Branch, English Speaking Union, and the Town Clerk, Mr. R. N. McCall, and Mrs. Moray Whistler, a friend of the Countess, from Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

I was greeted on the steps by the Deputy Mayor, Councillor Dutton. Very graciously they included Mr. Maurice Pocock, as my guest. We had a very pleasant afternoon. I had an opportunity for discussing many aspects of International relations and later Mr. Dutton took us to see the excavation going on in the part of Winchester where some old Roman mosaics have already been uncovered. Then I was taken to Winchester Cathedral where I was given an opportunity to study the historic window placed there in honor and in memory of the patron saint of all anglers, Izaak Walton. Mr. Dutton has since sent me a very beautiful picture of the window, with a description of its history furnished by the City Librarian of Winchester. I shall tell you more about that when more space is available, but my afternoon in Winchester and in the Cathedral, and the personal meeting with one with whom I had corresponded only, has added another precious link

to the tie which binds me to my friends across the sea.

I think you might be interested to know that Councillor R. J. Dutton has been made an honorary member of Izaak Walton League of America.

* * *

I was most happy when Dr. Sidney Spencer, the Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, wrote me and said "reservations have been made for you in Mitre Hotel, Oxford."

Of the many times when I visited Oxford I had never stayed at "The Mitre," but June and I did dine there once. I always wanted to stay in the old hotel. I told you a little about it last month.

The first step into "The Mitre" takes you upon historic ground. The heavy oaken doors at its entrance, the triple-gabled and open courtyard, dating to the early seventeenth century, with its flagged paving, make you feel the old-world charm, so that you are not surprised when you are informed that this Inn has been established over 600 years. Generation after generation of Oxford men have made "The Mitre" their meeting place, and, as an Oxford academical generation signifies but four years on the average, you can easily imagine how many through the centuries have known the charm of this ancient Inn. Many lively days have been experienced by the guests of this old house. It was a favorite of the late King Edward VII, the Marquis of Hastings, Sir Robert Peel, the Marquis Curzon, W. M. Thackeray, The Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, The Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Sir Henry Irving, and many, many others of like distinction and fame.

I stayed there this year nearly a week, and more than once when I would turn out my light for the night, I would think of the famous characters of literature, history, nobility, education, religion and politics who have slept under the roof. If one is at all historically minded there is probably no Hotel in the world which has the same atmosphere as "The Mitre."

The interior of the Hotel has a charm which is associated with all old buildings and imparts a feeling of rest and homeliness as soon as one enters its doors. A walk around its old panelled rooms and rambling floors and passages revives pleasant visions of past centuries.

The old and massive oak doors and posts at the entrance still show the marks of the axle-trees of the wheels of numerous coaches which have passed through the Hotel entrance to the courtyard in the rear, and thence down the once cobbled and paved passage yard to the eighteenth century stables and coach-houses. In several bedrooms there are original fireplaces and decorated beams and panelling of the early seventeenth century. I was fortunate to have one of these bedrooms. At the rear of the building there are three handsome overhanging gables, one bearing the date 1631: this being the date of the upper and later portions of the Hotel.

If you ever go to Oxford don't fail to visit "The Mitre." There have been many changes of course, for the Inns of three or four hundred years ago did not have the modern conveniences, but the attractive thing about "The Mitre" is that these luxuries have been introduced so discreetly that they have been absorbed into the personality of the Inn.

* * *

This issue of The Liberalist will be in your hands early in the month of December. By then we will all be thinking about the holidays. To some of us it will be a nostalgic time for it will bring memories of the holidays of yesteryear. I think without any doubt

the holiday season, with its Christmas Day and its New Year's Day is the finest season in all the year.

The reason why many people come to the season tired and exhausted, with their nerves on edge, is because they have not prepared adequately for the full enjoyment of the season. While there is not much of the Christmas spirit in one's heart during August, I know one person who does all of her Christmas shopping during the month of August. She makes a careful list of those to whom she is to give presents and then leisurely checks off the list as she selects the presents. There is much to be said for this but there is also something against it.

Sometimes I think the hectic days just preceding Christmas give it a spirit which makes the day itself more significant. The advantage of preparing one's Christmas shopping list early is that the danger of leaving out someone you would like to remember is eliminated.

There are those who feel that the giving and receiving of presents interferes with the true spirit of Christmas. There again there is something to be said for the idea. Christmas has become pretty much a commercial institution, but it need not be. It is never the monetary value of the gift that matters. It is the love of which the gift is a symbol which is important.

I remember once some Christmases ago, receiving a beautiful bookmark which had been made by hands which have now been resting a long time. The monetary value of the gift was insignificant, but the love which the gift represented is eternal.

Christmas is just about what we choose to make it. No one can deny that there is a deep feeling of gratitude when one does receive some little gift from someone he thought might have forgotten.

The Christmas season is the finest time in the year to wipe the slate clean of misunderstandings and to restore the old friendships which might have been neglected. Much in our hectic, busy world seems to be in conspiracy against preserving some of the loveliest experiences of life. The whole atmosphere of Christmas should be impregnated with love and beauty. It is no time for the harsh word, critical appraisal or argumentative temperament. Everyone is at their best at Christmas. An indescribable spirit of co-operation and sympathetic understanding permeates the atmosphere. Christmas is the one time of the year which reveals how good life is and what a pity that we do not preserve its spirit longer than we do. The season centers about the personality of a little baby. It is the simplicity and beauty of childhood that gives Christmas its distinctive charm. Adults are only grown-up children after all, and at Christmas it is always easier to recapture the joys of childhood than at any other time of the year. It is the time when the truth, beauty and power of an ancient truth dawns with full significance in our hearts—"and a little child shall lead them." Childhood knows not the harshness and bitterness of the distinctions which arise later in life. A child heart has no racial hatred, no religious bigotry, no dogmatic ugliness and no accusing spirit. There is no finer technique for the full enjoyment of the Christmas spirit than making an honest effort to recapture the simplicity and happiness of childhood. The whole world of Christendom will gather at a lowly manger cradle. I was sent last Christmas a Christmas card which contained the following tribute. I do not know who said it or wrote it. If any reader knows the author of these words I would be very glad to have them write and tell me.

"Here is a man who was born in an

obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book, he never held an office. He never owned a home; he never had a family. He never went to college; he never put his foot inside a big city. He never traveled 200 miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself. He had nothing to do with this world except the naked power of his divine manhood. While still a young man the tide of popular opinion turned against him. His friends ran away; one of them denied him. He was turned over to his enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth while he was dying, and that was his coat. When he was dead he was taken away and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

"Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone and today he is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

"I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that One solitary life."

It is the imprint of this life upon history, upon the present world, upon your heart and mine, that explains Christmas. Creeds have been written about him, dogmas have been projected, churches have been organized, divisions have been created, all of which he never anticipated, all of which must surprise and disturb him today.

This little child has captured the imagination and the heart of the wisest and humblest of the earth. If we were ever to permit the simplicity of his truth, the enduring quality of his beauty, and the eternal character of his truth its full sway in the hearts of mankind, what a world would result!

We will enhance the value of the season in our own lives and for the life of mankind if we clear away the rubbish and the debris which have accumulated around him and about him and go back to the simplicity of his life. Christmas is not a pagan institution. It has nothing to do with money or fame or earthly power. At the Christmas season we are never confused about the difference between bigness and greatness. It is the one time of the year when the true values of spiritual truth are exposed to the wonderment of the human mind and heart.

It is my deepest wish for you and for all who know and love you that your Christmas season will be coronated with happiness; that your heart will leap with joy, and the spirit of a little child will take possession.

* * *

Throughout the years our church has always, and I trust it always will, emphasized the importance of commemorating the birth of Christ and presenting in music, sermon and worship an unsullied tribute to the Christ child. This year we are making unusual plans which we trust will merit your cooperation, participation and support. An unusual musical program is being arranged for Christmas Sunday, and the Christmas service at 11 o'clock on Christmas Eve.

Our Church School and the young people of our Channing Club are going to present the Candle Light Service on

Sunday evening, December 19th. They have been working for several weeks now and the program will be one of the most beautiful we have ever presented at the Candle Light Service. We will miss tremendously, as we have these three Christmases, our Jimmy, who always gave us a beautiful Christmas play, but we are continuing in the spirit which he brought to the Candle Light Service, and I am sure it will add to your appreciation and enjoyment of the Christmas season. Participants in the program will be only those who are a part of the work of our church school, our young people's activities, and the work of the church.

The children of the Church School will hold their Christmas program and party on Friday evening, December 17th.

You will be reading these words in plenty of time before Christmas Day to create for yourself and those you love a Christmas of great merriment and joy.

* * *

As the year closes it is the desire of my heart to express as ardently as I can my appreciation for all you have done during the past year for the sustained vitality of our church, for the continuity of unbroken friendships, and for all that you have meant to me and the constant source of inspiration you are. I have been with you through many a Christmas season and now that we are standing on the threshold of a new year, I want you to know how deep is my love, my appreciation, and my hope for a brighter future for you, our church, our country and our world.

"TODAY'S 'MESSAGE TO GARCIA'"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Sunday, October 24, 1954

I WONDER how many of you remember Elbert Hubbard? I am quite sure that many of the younger generation would not recall that name, and it would mean nothing to them. I am not surprised at that. The other night, when I was speaking in South Bend, I mentioned the name of Billy Sunday and made a very kindly reference to him. After the service was over a young man came up to me and said: "What was this Billy Sunday that you spoke about? I never heard of him!" It seemed incredible, but it was true.

Not too long ago I was speaking at a high school assembly in Oak Park, and paid tribute to Dr. Gonzales. Immediately I said, "How many in this room know who Dr. Gonzales was?" And there wasn't a single hand raised in that entire high school assembly!

You may never have heard, particularly you younger people, of Elbert Hubbard, but Elbert Hubbard was one of the most interesting and unique personalities to ever come upon the American scene. He was one of the most unusual men who ever spoke or ever wrote! And he founded, out in East Aurora, New York, a printing and publishing concern, the Roycroft Press, and inaugurated, for the first time in the history of American publishing, the pocket-size magazine.

Many of you may think that the

The Christmas Season

In The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Avenue

Wednesday, December 1, in the Church Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
Book Lecture—"BUT WE WERE BORN FREE"—Elmer Davis

Sunday, December 5, in the Church Auditorium, 11:00 a.m. Dr. Bradley's Subject: "LIFE IS LIKE A SHIP."
The Evening Subject will be announced.

Monday, December 6, in Anderson Hall, 1:00 p.m.
Woman's Club. American Citizenship Department. Program to be announced.

Wednesday, December 8, in the Church Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
Book Lecture—"THE CONSERVATIVE MIND"—Russell Kirk

Sunday, December 12, in the Church Auditorium, 11:00 a.m. Dr. Bradley's Subject: "WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?"
The Evening Subject to be announced.

Tuesday, December 14. in Anderson Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club. Program to be announced.

Wednesday, December 15, in the Church Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
Book Lecture—"THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN"—Henry van Dyke

Friday, December 17, in Anderson Hall, 7:30 p.m. Christmas Party of Church School.

Sunday, December 19, in the Church Auditorium, 11:00 a.m.
Christmas Sunday Sermon. Dr. Bradley's Subject: "TO THE MANNER BORN."
In the Evening at 7:00 o'clock, in the Church Auditorium. Annual Candle Light Service by Children of the Church School and the young people of the Channing Club.

Monday, December 20, in Anderson Hall, 1:00 p.m.
Woman's Club. American Home Department. Christmas Party. Bring gifts for older shut-ins. Program—Play and Comedy Shorts, Marie Fischer Wing.

Wednesday, December 22—No Book Review

Thursday, December 23, Christmas Party of the Peoples Church Chorus Choir

Friday, December 24, in the Church Auditorium, 11:00 p.m.
Christmas Eve Service. Dr. Bradley's Subject: "A NEVER FAILING STAR."

Sunday, December 26. in the Church Auditorium, 11:00 a.m.
Dr. Bradley's Subject: "WHAT DID YOU GET FOR CHRISTMAS?"
The Evening Subject to be announced.

Tuesday, December 28, No Men's Club Meeting in December.

Wednesday, December 29—No Book Review.

Friday, December 31, in the Church Auditorium, 11:00 p.m.
Annual Watch Night Service. Dr. Bradley's Subject: "THE ART OF GROWING OLD."

precedent for pocket-sized magazines first began with the introduction of the Reader's Digest or with Pageant or with some of the myriads and myriads of pocket-sized magazines now on sale today—well, it didn't! Elbert Hubbard was the *first* person to ever publish pocket-sized magazines—the very first one, and he established it with an institution called the Roycrofter Corporation and a magazine called the PHILISTINE.

I have almost a complete file of the PHILISTINE—and it was filled with some of the wisest observations and some of the most valuable ideas that have ever been printed or published in America!

When I was a little boy—well, I *was* little once, you know—I was so small and skinny that the boys in our village called me Tom Thumb! And even today, when I return home for a visit, some of the real old, old people will say: "Well, Tommy, how are you?" Now you wouldn't believe that! Why in those high school and university days I weighed a mere 128 pounds stripped, and was able to run the 100-yard dash in 11 seconds! Now I weigh 205 pounds and I couldn't run 100 yards in 11 minutes! But I haven't forgotten that it was fun to do it once!

Well, the farmers in our community had a system in those days for sending their cattle to the stock yards at Buffalo, New York—and East Aurora was very close to Buffalo, New York! And I remember when a man named Mr. Evans—and my friends out there in Michigan in the vicinity of Linden, will remember the Evans family, a very active and fine family, and they are still there—and I remember once when Mr. Evans was going to take two carloads of stock to Buffalo.

Now the railroads permitted one person to go with each carload—free transportation there and back! I conceived the idea that I could convince Mr. Evans that I could perform the duties of a man taking care of a carload of stock. I explained to him that I hadn't talked to my father or mother about it, but finally he said to me: "Well, that's all right. I'll take you. The train leaves at 11:00 at night, so be at the depot in plenty of time because as soon as we're loaded up we leave and we're on our way to Buffalo, New York, by way of Durand, across Canada."

Well, I knew I had to ask permission from my parents before I could ever go, so pleadingly I went to my father and mother and explained to them how I had *always* wanted to ride with those cattle to Buffalo, New York. I told them that was the reason I wanted to go, but I didn't tell the whole reason.

The whole reason was that I had become enamoured with the philosophy of Elbert Hubbard and what he was saying to the American people. I liked the way in which he said what he had to say straight out, without apology or without confusion—clear as a crystal—and he made a great impression on me as a young boy in high school. I had always thought that if I could just get to Buffalo somehow or other, I could make it to East Aurora and meet Elbert Hubbard and see the Roycroft institution.

I learned to set type when I was only 12—I was a printer's devil—and I could walk into any print shop today and set a stick of type. It always fascinated me. I was interested in printing; I was interested in books; I was interested in magazines. And so I went to Buffalo and went out to East Aurora and I met Elbert Hubbard, which was one of the most thrilling experiences of my life. I met his son, Bert, and all of the people who were associated with

the Roycroft institution in publishing that great magazine called the FRA.

If you want to see something beautiful just go over to the Library on Michigan Avenue and ask to see some copies of the FRA and the PHILISTINE. There is nothing like it in America being published today—nothing! It was the acme of the printing art associated with the greatness of ideas! And when you get art and ideas together, you get power and you get influence — and Elbert Hubbard had them both! It was tremendous!

In that print shop they were setting the type then for a book that I don't suppose many people remember—WHITE HYACINTHS! And Mr. Hubbard wrote it because of a quotation that he saw which said:

> "If thou of fortune be bereft
> And in thy store there be but left
> Two loaves, sell one and with the dole
> Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul."

Food for my stomach, but hyacinths for my soul! And Elbert Hubbard wrote a beautiful book on that theme called WHITE HYACINTHS!

Reminding me of that banner carried by that little girl, an underpaid worker in the textile industry some years ago, who marched in a parade of strikers. And this little girl in a parade in Massachusetts, carried a banner which said: "We want bread — and roses, too!" Was she right? Of course she was right! This idea that people are *only entitled to necessity* is fundamentally wrong. The people who have more than enough have the right to luxury and enjoy it; the people who haven't enough have the right to luxury, too! Bread and roses! Food and hyacinths! Of course!

When the Spanish-American War came to an end on the 22nd of Februury, 1899, a war which I remember well—that Spanish-American War was my first war; I have lived through four—*that* was the first one! And when that Spanish-American War came to an end on February 22, 1899, Elbert Hubbard and Bert were having a conversation at the dinner table one night in East Aurora and they were discussing the relative merits of the heroes of the Spanish-American War. And Bert said the hero of the war was a man named Col. Andrew Roan. And Elbert Hubbard said: "Who was Col. Andrew Roan?" Whereupon Bert went on to tell his father the story of Col. Andrew Roan being chosen as the man to deliver the Message to Garcia.

In the darkest hour of the war the President of the United States needed to get in touch, at once, for military expediency, with the chief insurgent against the domination of Spain, a Cuban by the name of Garcia. He was hiding in the hills and the jungles of Cuba and the President of the United States said: "I must get in touch with Garcia—it's necessary!" This was before the age of communication such as we know it today. Whereupon one of the President's aides confided: "I know a man who I think can get you in touch with Garcia—a Col. Roan!" The President sent for Col. Roan and he said: "I want to get in touch with Garcia. I have been informed that you are the man who can do this for me."

Whereupon the President of the United States gave the Message to Garcia to Col. Roan, who tucked it under his shirt, next to his heart, and set off on his very important mission, landing in an open boat on the coast of Cuba and fighting his way through the jungle. Three weeks later he came out on the other side of Cuba, through the jungles and all that it meant to face that element of nature, with the mes-

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

MANY years ago, a child named Virginia wrote to the editor of the *New York Sun* to ask if there really was a Santa Claus. The editor's reply became an ageless classic of Christmas literature, now more inspirational than ever.

* * *

"Dear Editor—I am eight years old.

"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'If you see it in the *Sun* it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?"

Virginia O'Hanlon,
115 West Ninety-fifth Street.

* * *

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor man can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but

there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, or even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Francis P. Church

(New York Sun. Originally printed September 21, 1897.)

"TODAY'S MESSAGE TO GARCIA"

(*Continued from page* 10)

sage to Garcia, and the message from Garcia to the President of the United States! And the information of that message changed the whole situation of the Spanish-American War! He found a way to carry the message to Garcia!

The phrase stuck in the mind of Elbert Hubbard. He went to his den and he wrote the "Message to Garcia," a little bit of an article that you can read in a few minutes. It has been published in every known written language on earth! It is the most widely circulated article, probably, ever printed by anybody—"The Message to Garcia!"

And the other evening, when Mrs. Bradley and I were guests in the home of Judge and Mrs. Braude, it was brought to my attention once again by Judge Braude who said that he had a copy of it. It awakened within me a thrill—I have a copy but I haven't read it in years. And then and there I read again the "Message to Garcia!"

What a great challenge for this hour! Here we are in a world that is a jungle of hate and animosity, cruelty, misunderstanding, lies, rumors, uncertainty, insecurity—fear gnawing at our hearts; political bankruptcy all around us; rumors flying through the sky—threatening one of the most cherished traditions of America, namely, an appreciation and an understanding of the dignity of great leadership. Great leadership at its lowest ebb, with a confused people all about us everywhere and a great decision about to be made. Where is the person who will carry the message to Garcia in this hour, land in the open boat of eternal truth on the jungles of the contemporary world and carry against his heart the message to the insurgents against tyranny, injustice and wrong?

Will you carry the message to Garcia? Have I the courage to carry the Message to Garcia? Dare I face the jungle of this modern world with a message over my heart? Dare you? We've *had* men who carried the Message to Garcia! Down through the years of the cultural and spiritual beauty of civilization there *have been* men who carried the Message to Garcia! Gandhi did it; Albert Schweitzer is rising above the fog of our disturbed jungle world and carrying the Message to Garcia! Dare we enlist as the message carriers? Why the greatest man who ever carried a Message to Garcia was the Man of Galilee! He faced the jungle of the Roman Empire; He faced the tyranny of the Caesars; He faced the respectability of the hyprocrits of His age; He faced the injustice; He faced the jungle—but He

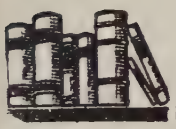
had in His heart the Message to Garcia, and He carried that message through the jungle of this modern world until He came out of the jungle, just as the world can come out of the jungle with the message of cooperation and of love in its heart! Let *us* carry a *Message to Garcia!*

DECEMBER BOOK LECTURES

Dec. 1—"BUT WE WERE BORN FREE"—Elmer Davis
Dec. 8—"THE CONSERVATIVE MIND"—Russell Kirk
Dec. 15—"THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN"—Henry van Dyke
Dec. 22—No Book Lecture
Dec. 29—No Book Lecture

The Following New Members Were Received Into the Peoples Church Nov. 7, 1954

Miss Mary Allen
Miss Dorothy Braun, Fruitport, Mich.
Mrs. Ruth A. Danielson
Mrs. Lila Dix, from Rogers Park Congregational Church
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fox
Mr. Edward William Gaylord of Winnetka, Illinois
Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Herman, from 1st Meth. Church, Verona, Pa.
Mr. Joseph R. Klassen
Mrs. Joseph R. Klassen, from Grace Lutheran Church
Mrs. Joanna Odalski
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schwalb, from 1st Meth. Church, Barrington, Ill.



BOOK CHATS

AT Christmastime we should have fun and joy and beauty. And I know just the book to give you all three. You may be young, or middle-aged, you may be little six-year-old Susie or you may be Grandma or Grandpa Jones, aged 75 or 83. It will not matter. Just get *Loony Coon,* the latest book by Sam Campbell, the Philosopher of the Forest, and you may present it to the whole family at Christmas, and the whole family will bless you for the gift. The book tells of the antics of a rollicking raccoon. When the story opens, Loony Coon and his five brothers or sisters (or both) had just been born. And within a few minutes he had fallen out of the tree which was Coony Castle twice, had been retrieved by mother Andrea and soundly punished.

We are told that Andrea looked out at the two who had been watching her —"the picture of maternal worry and discouragement."

"Never mind, Andrea," Giny sympathized. "Maybe he isn't bad but just ambitious. Sometimes our most headstrong children have become our best leaders. I predict Loony Coon will make his mark in the world."

"Make his mark in it?" put in Sam Campbell. "Why, that fellow will have it scratched from one end to the other."

Loony has a floppy left ear and a white streak on his forehead which

accentuate the silly expression on his face. And he is obviously his mother's pet.

There are many characters in the book, some human, some animal, who are a little human at times, too. There is of course Sam and Giny, and Sonya and her mother, and Warden Olie. There's Grandmaw, the goose; Drummer, the grouse; two otters, Mike and Ike, who sit in Warden Olie's lap and let him pet them; Giny Bubo, the horned owl, and many, many others.

The illustrations are by Alexander Key, who certainly deserves an orchid for his part in the book. The illustrations are almost all of them action pictures, and those which are not, seem about to jump right out at you from the page on which they appear.

A few of the chapter headings may interest you: Funny Business at Coony Castle; Sonya and a Problem; Winged Danger for Loony Coon; Missing in Action; Grandmaw on the Warpath; Fun, Spills and Porky Quills; Loony Coon Takes the Cake; Watermelon Riot; A Skunk's Gratitude; Grandmaw in the Doghouse; Trouble Returns; Sweet Dreams, and many, many others, through 236 pages of actual interesting experiences with forest creatures whose habits and antics are wholly unknown to most of us.

Many readers who have followed Sam Campbell's lectures are familiar with his many books: "The Seven Secrets of Somewhere Lake," "How's Inky?" "Too Much Salt and Pepper," "Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Mo—and Still-Mo," "A Tippy Canoe and Canada Too," "On Wings of Cheer," and "Moose Country."

Loony Coon is published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.50.

* * *

Pearl Buck's many, many followers will certainly be interested in her *My Several Worlds,* dealing with her life in China and later in this country. She brings us along the whole course of her life, from little girlhood to mature womanhood.

Mrs. Buck has received many literary honors, which include the Pulitzer Prize, the Nobel Prize for Literature, and membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Mrs. Buck claims that "Life must be lived full tilt for its own sake before it becomes material for a novel." Her books are truly the fruit of her own life experiences. Seventeen years of living in the midst of the Chinese peasants went into the writing of *The Good Earth.* To her the Chinese are basically very much like ouselves. She is able to indicate in what ways acts of the white man have led to a world in which the Chinese are against us.

In the 1930's she transplanted herself into the United States, put down her roots here and bought an old house in a part of the country where her forefathers had lived, and moved into it.

She was born in West Virginia, and as Pearl Sydenstricker was transplanted early in life to China, where her father was a missionary. She loved and accepted the little Chinese children with whom she grew up.

When she returned to America she began to study and to grow fond of her fellow Americans. She thinks the American pattern is patternless, but that we are wonderful in emergencies, generous, emotional, unstable and impulsive. She has much to say on our rearing of children, of obstructive methods of social workers in connection with the adoption of children, and she and her husband have a houseful of much-loved adopted children.

When an author lives deeply and has great feeling for beauty and the mean-

ings of life, that author's basic creed is woven into everything she writes. Pearl Buck is well worth reading and listening to. John Day, $5.

* * *

Must one always review a recent book? I think not. We have suggested a good gift book, and *My Several Worlds,* which should be food for philosophical minds. Now we are in process of reading a book dealing with our foreign policy. It was published in 1952 by Doubleday; $3.00.

The author is a Virginian by ancestry, birth, and education. As a Rhodes Scholar from the University of Virginia he studied at Balliol College, Oxford, and later attended the Sorbonne and the University of Ghent. He is widely known as an author and speaker, and is the originator of the successful radio program Invitation to Learning. Stringfellow Barr, the author, is famed for the Great Books Curriculum which he initiated at St. John's College. His books include, *Mazzini: Portrait of an Exile, The Pilgrimage of Western Man,* and *Let's Join the Human Race,* a brilliant pamphlet dealing with economic and political problems confronting the world today and the genesis of this volume. At present Mr. Barr is President of the Foundation for World Government and lives in Charlottesville, Virginia, where he is Visiting Professor of General Studies at the University of Virginia.

It seemed to me as I picked up the book and looked at the photograph of Mr. Barr on the back cover, that I looked at one who was a wise man and an alert one and I immediately felt a desire to read the book, which is titled *Citizens of the World.* The pamphlet *Let's Join the Human Race,* which it is said is the genesis of this book, was published in 1950 by The University Press. Justice William O. Douglas, in a preface to the book, and speaking of the above-mentioned pamphlet says it was "one of the most important political tracts of our time. The present volume is an expansion and extension of it. Dr. Barr puts himself to the task of formulating a whole new approach to our problems of foreign policy. There is nothing staid nor orthodox about his thinking. He has a fresh viewpoint. He is at home in the world of ideas; he prefers ideas to dollars and bombs and guns as answers to the fix we are in."

Mr. Barr himself says in a biographical notice at the back of the book, that the book is "primarily an interpretation of events recorded in the press. . . . I have drawn heavily on the daily and periodical press here at home and in a number of foreign countries, particularly in Europe. During the cold war it has been unusually necessary to read the foreign press, because of the wide gap between the way that press interprets current events and the way the American press interprets them. This gap has happily narrowed in the past year or two; or at least the better American newspapers, beginning with the New York Times, have done a better job of letting their readers know how we look to our neighbors."

"I have obtained invaluable information from the official documents of the United Nations, information which was rarely published in our press. I have fortunately been able to discuss it with a number of United Nations officials. It has also been my good fortune to travel rather widely in Europe, North Africa, the Near East, and Latin America since World War II—on the problem this book discusses, prewar travel hardly counts; things are changing so fast. Moreover, I traveled not as a tourist, but with the problem of economic development in mind; and I

was able to discuss that problem with many experts at their work, in the field. Finally, I have been able to secure abundant advice, both written and oral, from various experts who have served as consultants to the Foundation for World Government, which for several years I have directed." He says a steadily increasing literature is available for those who want to know more about this problem and he lists this literature. There are five pages of notes in the book, giving authority sources.

On the front book flap are these challenging statements:

"The population of the world is approximately two and one-quarter billion. Two thirds of these people are hungry. Many of them are sick. Many of them are illiterate. Does our foreign policy appeal to them, or is it a program that does not appeal to foreigners? Hunger must inevitably lead to revolution. What kind of revolution will it be? And what part will America play?

From the moment I started to read this book I could not put it down, except for necessary work and routine of life. I could not put it down because its very lucidity makes it interesting. In addition, the author's familiarity with the whole problem from every side, and his willingness to face all sides and analyze them from every point of view, like a chart drawn on a blackboard in front of one's eyes, is fascinating. If you want a short course in economics of world-wide proportions, here is an outstanding opportunity to have it while seated comfortably in an armchair at home.

He is not dogmatic, does not pretend to know all the answers or to be sure of any of them, but he questions you, the reader, after placing the whole picture in front of you with great lucidity.

I wish every English speaking adult in the world from the age of 21 on up would read this book, page for page, line for line, thoughtfully. It is the most thought-provoking book looking toward peace and world economics that I have ever read. In fact, it is the most thought-provoking book of any kind I have ever read. It should be a best-seller if only a few people would start reading it and talking about it. Some deep thinking is needed in the world today, and especially is deep thinking on the part of the people of the United States needed. I am deeply grateful to the author and to any who have made it possible for him to do the research which helped to produce this book.

* * *

Once again speaking of gift books, —but not a gift for children in this instance—you might take a look the next time you stop in at your favorite book store, at *The Solitary Blackbird,* by E. Clephan Palmer, it being "the remarkable personal experiences of a family and a blackbird." Published by The Vanguard Press, at $2, here are a few British comments on it: "Utterly delightful,"—The Glasgow Herald. "A perfect miniature,"—John O'London's Weekly. "The originality and interest of this book lie in Mr. Clephan Palmer's insistence on the moral problems involved . . . insinuatingly told."—The Tablet.

Strange it was that as I thought about the last three books mentioned, all in entirely different fields, they all seemed to have an underlying note that tied them together.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE other day I picked up the "Saturday Review" for October 2nd, the Fall Book number (and by the way these are only 20c an issue and that particular number is very well worth while). The Saturday Review gave a quotation from Pearl Buck's latest book, "My Several Worlds," published by John Day on November 8th.

I wish every person, young and old, might be compelled to read this quotation from the book. In the hope that many of our readers will see this article I am going to quote it here:

"China was the ideal country for the old, a pleasant place where one achieved honor merely by growing old. How often had I come upon a village, anywhere in China, to find sitting outside the door on a bench at the edge of the threshing floor a comfortably dressed old man or woman, dozing in the sun, pipe in hand, idle without reproach, loved and cared for and made much of, merely because he or she was old! Old people were treasures and no one was afraid to grow old. When an aged one spoke the others listened, eager for the wisdom of his accumulated years.

"It has been a shock to discover how differently the old are treated in my own country, and how pathetically they try to hide the number of their years and pretend themselves still strong and able to do a full day's work. Worse almost than the injustice to homeless children was it to find white-haired parents and grandparents in old people's homes and even in mental institutions, often without mental illness beyond the gentle and harmless decay of age. I suppose that the uncertainty of economic life and the insecurity of the individual alone in his struggle to maintain himself, his wife, and children make thoughtful tenderness too rare between young and old in our country. The aging feel their children's dread and they try to care for themselves and are guilty if they cannot, and so the generations pull apart in a mutual fear which stifles natural love.

"Somehow our society must make it right and possible for old people not to fear the young or be deserted by them, for the test of a civilization is in the way that it cares for its helpless members. Thus when Hitler began to destroy the old I knew that his regime could not last in a civilized world. It was an anachronism, and the laws of human evolution would provide its end —and how quickly did that end come!"

I remember reading somewhere a few years ago, that having someone in the home whom we must treat with consideration, whether an aunt or uncle, a grandfather or grandmother, would breed in us virtues not acquired in any other manner. I know a grandmother whose daughter was married to a man who was not only inconsiderate but cruel to his wife's mother, causing untold heartache. Later on the daughter became divorced and married again. The second husband had been brought up by an old-fashioned sweet mother for whom he had great respect and

love. His attitude toward the mother-in-law is such that it enriches the whole family atmosphere. This grandmother does not live with them but is often in their home and has a true affection for this son-in-law. Her gratitude knows no bounds—gratitude for her daughter's reconstructed and happy life and for this new-found peace and happiness of her own, because the bitterness of her former experience and sacrifice has been swallowed up in the respect and love she now receives. Love is truly its own reward, enriching the experience of the giver quite as much as the receiver. Let us hope that Pearl Buck's "My Several Worlds" will find many readers, if only for the sake of the above quotation finding roots in our family life.

Christmastime would be such an ideal time to start being more considerate of the older members of our family, or of any weaker member, for that matter. Do we ever stop to realize that life consists of the little moments that make up each day. The so-called big happenings of a lifetime are few and far between. The happy smile with which we greet each other, whether there is any special occasion for it or not, can be a part of every day living. I remember long ago being told by a member of my family that my face wore too serious a look continually. I didn't think too much about it until a friend came to stay for a little while in our home. I found myself thinking how serious my friend looked all the time. I began wishing she would smile once in a while, for she had a beautiful smile, but rarely made use of it. And then I realized what my Aunt had meant when she wanted me to smile more. Even cheerfulness seems to be largely a matter of habit.

Dr. Bradley had a letter from a young woman in which she complained that her husband's mother made it unhappy in their home because of her bitterness toward life in general. I wonder if the daughter-in-law had tried sending out a message of such cheer that the mother felt assured of a warm welcome there. Bitterness may come from a fear of being not wanted, and a genial smile can help offset many a fear.

Before I launch into too long an essay on the value of a smile, perhaps it would be well to look into the Mail Bag, which I shall do at once.

* * *

Dr. Bradley receives very lovely letters from his dear friend, the Rev. Walter Henry Macpherson, Minister Emeritus of The Universalist Church, in Joliet, Illinois. On October 4th, Mr. Macpherson wrote in part as follows: My dear Preston:

Your sermon of September 26th came to me as a birthday present. I was 77 on Sept. 27 and enjoyed the day with friends who dropped in for a visit —all the more because of your magnificent, brave and eloquent analysis of the failure of the World Council in Evanston to come to grips with the real religion you proclaimed.

I regret that I cannot be in your audience "in person" on October 10th to help you celebrate the 43rd anniversary of your great ministry to your seen and unseen audiences. Unfortunately I had a bad fall early in 1952 that resulted in my having to be rushed to the hospital and a heart condition restrained the hands of the surgeons—so here I sit. But it could be worse, for I can read, and I can hear your blessed cheering reminders to remember who I am.

I can write to old friends and young clergymen in our U.C.A. who write to me about this and that as if I were their old Bishop still, as I was for four

years as President of U.C.A. I have been close to the valley of the shadows several times the past few years, but saved by loving hands and I may yet have the privilege of standing in your pulpit for five minutes to tell multitudes how much you are loved by hundreds of thousands of true Liberals, in and outside of the A.U.A. and U.C.A.

May you continue to be blessed with energy to carry on as our great old friend, Jenkins Lloyd Jones did, till he was way past 80. And may God continue to give wisdom to the men and women of the Peoples Church in supporting your gospel.

With all prayerful good wishes to you all, always

Walt.

* * *

With a contribution to the church came the following note:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your leadership in bringing the Kingdom of God to many hungry souls should be an inspiration to all. May you continue for a long time to come.

May the presence of your spirit loved ones ever envelop you with spiritual power, protecting and guiding you always. God bless you.

Sincerely,
Rev. Sanzo Iwamoto, N.S.A.C.

* * *

It is encouraging sometimes to hear of some lift we have brought to another by an extra smile or a handclasp or a thought along the way:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

I wonder if you recall stopping at Watseka to see the Hubbard Trail Marker, and walking up the hill nearby and talking to the owner of the house thereon. I bought berries of him this summer and he told me with great pride and admiration of how much you admired his trees and grounds and how you walked to the river's edge back of the house and looked at the view up the river.

The owner passed away a month ago after a short illness. He was well known in our town because of his going from house to house selling vegetables and berries. He loved talking to people and joking—always had a smile. He had a faithful little black dog, his sole companion.

I thought you would like to know that you brought some joy into a rather unfortunate and somewhat desolate life.

I enjoy listening to your sermons.

Very sincerely,
Mrs. J. Howard Cyrus.

* * *

So many of our members will remember the writer of the next letter, Mr. Oliver Smith, for he has come in every year for many years from the House of David, at Benton Harbor, Michigan, at bazaar time and has stayed all through from beginning to end, and has helped with much of the labor of putting on and clearing up after the bazaar, and Dr. Bradley has always felt so appreciative of this kindness. Mr. Smith took his vacation at that time of the year to be able to do this. Now he has been ill and no doubt he would appreciate hearing from some of his friends here in the church:
Dear Doctor Bradley:

This letter is really to give you a hearty welcome back home from your trip to Europe. It's a very late welcome back, but you will understand perfectly well when I tell you that I was unable to write before, on account of being in the hospital through August and into September, when I had a very bad time. I am still very weak and find it very hard to get around in and out of my rooms and to meals. However, although it will be many weeks before I get my strength back, I still hope

with God's help to improve steadily, in spite of Doctor's orders.

I want to thank you very much for your taking time out from your busy schedule while in Europe to send me the post card from London, with the Houses of Parliament on it. It made me think of old times when I was in England.

You no doubt have heard of the surprise visit to me of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Kredler one busy Sunday in July while you were overseas. I appreciated their visit very much. This was, of course, while I was trying to recuperate from my illness of April and May. I was only in the hospital two weeks, but was still visiting my doctor downtown. He did not give me proper treatment, hence my collapse and return to the hospital in much worse condition than before. Owing to this sickness in the hospital I missed several of your fifteen-minute transcriptions. How I missed them!

I am of course listening in to your regular service Sunday mornings and was shocked to hear of the big meeting of religious people who assembled together and yet were divided. I fully agree with all your summing up of the whole situation.

I want to let you know of the several cards from the Woman's Club which were sent to me during the summer. Thanks, ladies. And for that lovely letter from Ethel Wells Smalley, your secretary. Thanks, Ethel.

With love to all at home, from your friend,

Oliver.

* * *

Recently Dr. Bradley spoke at a public meeting held by the Izaak Walton League in Austin, Minnesota. The next day a picture of Dr. Bradley and Austin's youngest Waltonian, shaking hands, appeared in the Austin papers. A copy of the paper was sent to Dr. Bradley, enclosed in the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You asked me to send you a picture of you and me shaking hands. So in answer to your question I am sending you this picture of you and me. I am in the seventh grade and I am 12 years old.

I think when I joined the Izaak Walton League that it was the best organization that I ever belonged to and I think that everybody should belong to it and help conserve the soil, woods, waters and wildlife.

Yours truly,

David Wehner.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley: I was unable to attend church yesterday. Mrs. Simpson and I did listen to your sermon, however, which I thought was one of the best I have ever heard, if not the best. You had the courage to speak your mind and I agree with everything you said without any exception. I do want to congratulate you on your fine presentation of the situation as you described it.

Evidently you arrived home from abroad feeling in good shape.

Very best personal regards to June and yourself.

H. S. Simpson.

* * *

And here are a few quotations from other letters:

"Your sermon this morning was wonderful and most enlightening. Am so glad you are back. I carry your sermons with me all week."

* * *

"This was the masterpiece of all your talks. You are a genius."

* * *

Mr. J. S. Sheafe, of Newcastle, New Brunswick, Canada, presents in the

following letter an idea which is certainly in line with Dr. Bradley's philosophy:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I enjoy your Liberalist very much. Sometime in October we shall shove off for California and shall be in Chicago for a few days. I hope it may be possible to meet you then.

While there is "nothing new under the sun," I believe I have an idea which has never been used before. It is simple as a toothpick and should be well worthwhile.

Mark Twain once said: "Everybody is complaining of the weather, but no one is doing anything about it."

The Red Cross, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Boy's Town, etc., all resulted from an idea.

The Good Book teaches all about its being "more blessed to give than to receive," "bread upon the waters," etc.

Since human conduct during Christmas week and human conduct during the rest of the entire year is vastly different, a logical mind would ask why we cannot present ourselves with 52 Christmas Weeks instead of only one.

The idea should grow like a weed, because of the high dividends paid and, like the endless chain, the growth would be like the square of effort. The boy who worked for his father for 1 cent per day, and doubled each day, had millions coming at the end of the month.*

I would like this to be handled with no credit to me. I have, at 78 years, only the highest hope of doing a litt'e good before I tire and lie down "to pleasant slumber."

Sincerely,

J. S. Sheafe.

*(If you don't believe that line about 1 cent a day being doubled each day adding up to millions, just get out your pencil and paper and work it out. I did. The result is $5,368,709.12, if I did it right. If you doubt me, just you check it. The printer is waiting for this copy so I can't take the time.—E.W.S.)

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Last month's issue of The Liberalist was the largest ever printed in the 31 years of publication. It was necessary to get 500 extra copies in order to meet the demand.

If you desire to help in spreading the message of the church in Dr. Bradley's sermons, book lectures and editorials beyond the metropolitan area of Chicago, why not send $2 to May H. Harrison, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40. She will enter a twelve-month subscription for you and send The Liberalist to any address in the world.

We will begin the subscription with the January number and send the December number complimentary with a gift card containing your name and address.

The magazine already goes to nearly every state in the union and to five foreign countries.

This may solve one of your Christmas giving problems.

LET US PRAY

Not to be noted, but noble;
Not to be kingly, but kind;
Not to be gifted, but gracious
In both the body and mind. . . .

Not to be handsome, but holy;
Not to be wealthy, but well;
Not to be great—to be godly
And thus have a story to tell.

Frank H. Keith

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER

2—Luncheon. Citizen's School Committee, Sherman Hotel.
3—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Wedding.
Address. 100th Anniversary, Portage Chapel Meth. Church, South Bend, Indiana.
4—Funeral.
Publisher's Conference on my forthcoming book.
5—Address. High School Assembly, Rochester, Minnesota.
Address, I.W.L.A. Luncheon, Rochester, Minnesota.
Address. Chamber of Commerce Dinner, Austin, Minnesota.
6—Address. High School Assembly, Austin, Minnesota.
Address. Austin Kiwanis Club, Austin, Minnesota.
I.W.L.A. Dinner, Austin, Minn.
Address. Austin High School Auditorium, Austin, Minn.
7—Conference, Publisher.
8—Address. Northern Indiana Public Service Co., Grand Ballroom, French Lick Hotel, French Lick, Indiana.
9—Funeral.
10—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Sermon, Granville Ave. M. E. Church.
11—Address. Advertising Men's Post, American Legion.
Funeral.
12—Funeral.
Address. Opening meeting, Professional and Business Woman's Club. Peoples Church.
13—Sick calls.
14—Address. Paint Mfrs. Banquet, Terre Haute House, Terre Haute, Ind.
15—Address. Peoples Church School Dinner.
16—Funeral.
17—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
18—Meeting. State St. Council Office. Judging for Award of Chicago Business Men's Organization.
19—Address. Grand Ballroom, Standard Brands, Inc., Hotel Sherman.
Annual Address. Uptown Kiwanis Club. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Address. Anniversary Service, Metropolitan Community Church.
20—Funeral.
21—Address. Annual Banquet, IWLA, Manitowoc, Wis., Manitowoc Hotel.
22—Funeral.
23—Funeral.
Three weddings.
Address. Mid-West Hemophilia Assoc. Svithiod Club Chicago.
24—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Four Christenings.
Sick calls.
25—Address. Friends of Library, W. Deerfield Twnshp. Pub. Lib.
26—Address. Constitution Day, Grand Rapids Real Estate Board, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
27—Funeral.
Address. 36th Anniversary, Independence Day of Czechoslovakia.
28—Address. Rotary Meeting.
31—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. Community Church, Forest City, Illinois.

FUNERALS

4—Albert Reincke
9—Emanuel Carlseen
11—Mrs. Elsie Wollersheim
12—Mrs. Annabelle Drolette
Mr. Lee Bennett
16—Carl V. Wisner
20—Mrs. Sallie Huckett
22—Sigmund Odalski
23—David Wm. Hankins
27—J. Cliff Leavitt

WEDDINGS

3—Dorothea Dee White and Nibaran Chandra Mitra
23—Prudence H. Lagoni and David Levinson
23—Lorraine Johnson and Herman Dempt
Mrs. Grace Tausch and Fred Hewitt

CHRISTENINGS

3—Thomas L. Henricks, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Henricks
17—Russell Emery Otvos, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Otvos
31—Susan Lee Heaney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Heaney
24—Howard Philip Lightstone, Barbara Gale Lightstone, Patricia Christine Lightstone, Cathy Jo Lightstone, children of Mr and Mrs. Philip Lightstone

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon
Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—*Monday, Dec. 6,* in Anderson Hall, American Citizenship Dept. "Ode to the Flag," Mrs. Mehrle. Speaker to be announced ..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 20, in Anderson Hall, American Home Dept. Christmas Party. Play and Comedy Shorts by Marie Fischer Wing. Bring gifts for older shut-ins.

Men's Club—The Men's Club will hold no meeting in December. Except for the month of December, the Men's Club meets the fourth Tuesday of every month. 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club meets the 2nd Tuesday of the month. December 14th program to be announced ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Fridays ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday, Church Auditorium, during church season—New members welcomed ..... 8:00 p.m

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year beginning with the current number. Enclosed find check . . . money order for $2.00

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** .....

CHANNING CLUB

Diane Havorka, President SUnnyside 4-0666
4451 N. Winchester Ave. (40)

Mary McCoy, Secretary UPtown 8-4567
1060 Wilson Ave. (40)

Joe Zoller, Vice-President WEbster 5-4108
1230 Roscoe St. (13)

Nancy Syvertsen, Treasurer ARdmore 1-8974
853 W. Lawrence Ave. (40)

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., DD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

H. B. Hunter, President
2304 Farwell Ave. (45) AMbassador 2-0561

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Vice President
4231 N. Oakley Ave. (18) Keystone 9-6233

Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-6878

May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Wm. L. Berglund — Mrs. A. S. Kredler
Robert Crosswhite — L. E. McCloy
Thos. A. Harrison — John N. Powell
H. B. Hunter — H. S. Simpson

COMMITTEES—Finance Committee

Mr. H. S. Simpson, Chairman
Mr. Thos. A. Harrison
Mr. John N. Powell

Auditing Committee

Mr. L. C. McCloy, Chairman
Mr. Wm. L. Berglund

Church Service Committee

Mr. Wm. L. Berglund, Chairman
All members of the Board assisting

Social Committee

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chr. — Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. Robert Crosswhite — Mr. Karl H. Lemke
Mr. Harold Hansen — Mr. Wm. L. Berglund

Membership Committee

Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Chairman
Mrs. Frank Bryan
Mr. Wm. L. Berglund — Mr. L. E. McCloy

Music Committee

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chairman
Mr. L. E. McCloy

Contributions and Pledge Committee

Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. Frank Bryan — Mrs. H. B. Hunter

Literature Table—Mrs. Frank Bryan

Mrs. William Emrich

Floral Chairman—Mrs. Jacob Tolk

Mrs. May H. Harrison

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

LeRoy Wetzel, Director of Music and Organist
4251 W. Irving Park Rd. (41) SPring 7-7500. Studio WEbster 9-8134

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
4249 N. Greenview Ave., (13) LAkeview 5-8708

Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education

Mrs. May H. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-0472

Mrs. Robert Crosswhite, Secretary
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) PEnsacola 6-8699

CHOIR

Charles Craig, President
5220 W. Warner Ave. (41) AVenue 3-8194

Miss Marie A. Tilles, Secretary
5642 N. Magnolia Ave. (40) UPtown 8-9877

Mrs. Esther Nonnenbruch, Soc. Chrmn.

Yvonne Bills, Librarian

USHER'S CLUB

Waldo C. Moe, President
5440 N. Lamon Ave. (30) MUlberry 5-6548

Arthur A. Williams, Jr., Vice President
4237 N. Hermitage Ave. (13) DIversey 8-7494

Harold E. Hansen, Secretary
2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25) EDgewater 4-5998

Fred Soell, Treasurer
3107 Belle Plaine Ave. (18)

Frank Bryan, Sergeant at Arms
949 Lawrence Ave. (40) ARdmore 1-4448

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
In Memoriam

Mrs. Harry D. Stone, President
4950 Marine Drive (40) RAvenswood 8-7912

Mrs. Fred Klemp, 1st Vice-Pres.
1350 Lake Shore Drive (11) WHitehall 3-0710

Mrs. James Coughlin, 2nd Vice-Pres.
637 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ills. UNiversity 4-7382

Mrs. H. H. Lurie, Rec. Sec.
7320 N. Ridge Ave. (45) SHeldrake 3-7175

Miss Edith Anderberg, Corr. Sec.
1614 Ainslie Ave. (40) SUnnyside 4-9146

Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Treasurer
2304 Farwell Ave. (45) AMbassador 2-0561

Directors

Mrs. A. H. Barnett, Mrs. Jacob J. Tolk, Mrs. Frank Bryan, and Mrs. Charles Tabor Randall.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Marie Tilles, President,
5642 N. Magnolia Ave. (40) UPtown 8-9877

Mrs. Florence Curtis, Vice-President
1435 Elmdale Ave. (26) UPtown 8-0037

Mrs. Anna Rosenhagen, Treasurer
4604 Beacon St. (40) ARdmore 1-2889

Miss Dollie Kolberg, Rec. Sec.
4340 N. Wolcott Ave. (13) GRaceland 2-4793

Rosemary Christensen, Corr. Sec.
2805 N. Leavitt St. (18) DIversey 8-0475

MEN'S CLUB

Harry H. Perry, President
633 Michigan Street, Evanston GReenleaf 5-6229

Lou H. Hangel, Vice President
3646 Lake Shore Drive (13) EAstgate 7-0120

Harold E. Hansen, Secretary
2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25) EDgewater 4-5998

Harlow D. Stevens, Treasurer
624 Oakton Street, Evanston UNiversity 4-1232

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director
In Memoriam

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY

Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, President
4604 Beacon, Zone 40 UPtown 8-6047

Miss Dorthea Thompson, V.Pres.
5650 N. Maplewood Ave. (45) SUnnyside 4-5723

Miss Dollie Kolberg, Sec.-Treas.
4340 N. Wolcott Ave. (13) GRaceland 2-4793

Mrs. Alice Pearson, Representative to the Board of Directors
4604 Beacon St. (40) UPtown 8-6047

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Joanne M. Plett, Leader
917 Lawrence Ave. (40) ARdmore 1-2752

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 301

Mrs. Walter Goering, Leader
912 Leland Ave. (40) UPtown 8-2282

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader
4249 N. Greenview (13) LAkeview 5-8708

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Mrs. Michael Krauvice, Leader
931 Lakeside Ave. (40) UPtown 8-7497